

Should I Be Concerned? by mx_arsonist

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Relationships: Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/
Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

That's a lot of fucking caffeine Will...

Should I Be Concerned?

Being a barista is hard work, I won't deny that. But there are some good points to it. Like the smell of the coffee, the regular customers. The long hours aren't my favorite, but hey, I gotta live somehow right?

Our cafe is kind of hidden by other buildings, so we don't get too many customers. There are a couple regular customers who come in daily and there's always really tired college students. But 80% of the time it's just me and my coworker Max.

One particular day, a short boy who looks about my age comes into the cafe. Max winks at me and goes into the kitchen so I have to take his order. Fucking Max always trying to play matchmaker.

The boy has huge bags under his eyes and looks like he hasn't slept in days. I walk over and take his order. "Hi, how may I help you?"

The boy sighs and smiles. "Can I get three triple espressos to-go, please?" I smile back at him and nod, but damn that's a lot of caffeine.

"Whipped cream or not?" He just nods. "Can I get a name?"

"Will," he says and yawns. Cute. Fuck.

"Okay, that'll be \$6.50." He hands me a ten.

"Keep the change," he says. I smile. I get to work making his drinks. One done. Two. All three. I set them on the counter and call his name. Before he can get to the counter, I scribble on one of the cups, 'Should I be concerned about how much caffeine you're taking in?'

He takes the drink holder, smiles at me, and leaves. Through the window, I can see him reading my note and laughing. He looks at me and mouths, "Yes."

I laugh and look down. When I look back up, he's gone.

After Will came into the coffee shop for the first time, he started coming in a lot more. We talked more and more, until finally...

"Hey, Mike," he says and walks to the counter. "Hey, Max."

"Hey, Will," we say at the same time. "How're classes?" I ask.

"The same. And you?"

"Same here," I start making his usual drink, a triple espresso, but just one this time. "So spring break is coming up..." I casually start.

"Yeah?" He asks, accepting the drink.

"Well, I was wondering if you wanted to come with me. To San Francisco, just for spring break," I try to ask, but it comes out more like gibberish.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" He laughs. Max pokes her head out of the back.

"He wants you to go to San Francisco with him for spring break!" She calls. Will looks to me for confirmation.

"Yeah," I smile. "You down?"

"Hell yeah! I've been wanting to go there for a while," Will says, his eyes sparkling like a kid in a candy store. He starts writing something on a napkin. "Here," he says. "My number. Text me with the details. I've got to go pick up my sister, we're hanging out today." I take the napkin off of the counter as he walks away and put it into my pocket.

I start wiping tables when suddenly I feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn to see Will. I start to ask him why he's back, but before I can say anything, he kisses me on the cheek. Then he grins and runs back out of the shop. I touch my cheek where he kissed me and grin like an idiot. Max just smiles knowingly at me.